

# Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No 1634—July 15, 1950

## ADVENTURING IN THE CORAL SEA

### FRIENDLY FOLK & ODD WILD LIFE

A MAN of adventure who writes so well that he takes us with him to strange out-of-the-way places is a most welcome "silent friend." Such a man is Alan Villiers, who was born in Australia in 1903 and went to sea at 15. He served before the mast in several sailing ships, ran the barque *Parma* in the grain trade, and sailed the *Joseph Conrad* round the world. During the war he served in the Royal Navy at the Normandy landings and in the Far East, and was awarded the D S C.

Villiers is a man who writes down what he sees, and in his latest book, *The Coral Sea* (Museum Press, 18s), he takes us into a fascinating region.

Still largely uncharted, the Coral Sea is a reef-strewn expanse that lies off the Great Barrier Reef of north-east Australia, and which is partly enclosed by New Guinea and a long chain of South Sea islands.

The islands of the Coral Sea, as well as the Great Barrier Reef, which is nearly 1300 miles long, have been built by a creature the size of a pinhead, the coral polyp, that has no brain, heart, lungs or gills, cannot move and is just a tiny live sac leaving, with astronomical billions of its fellows, its remains to grow into an islet.

It has left not only islands, but underwater formations of wondrous beauty. We can look down into clear waters around the Barrier Reef and many an island and see lovely coral gardens and grottoes of many colours in which swim fish as brilliant of hue as the coral.

### Fish That Climb Trees

The Barrier Reef is the home, too, of many strange creatures—starfish a foot wide; the sea-slug called *bêche-de-mer*, often a foot long and much prized by Eastern gourmets; the giant clam, nearly five feet wide and weighing a quarter of a ton, which can crush a man's leg if he accidentally steps within their gaping shells; old turtles that look sleepy but can hurl a flipperful of sand into the eyes of anyone trying to grab them. There are fish that climb trees; and the peaceful dugong, a sea-going mammal with a face and snout like a pig, which is supposed to have inspired the mermaid legend—mermaids' looks have since improved!

One of the strangest inhabitants of the Coral Sea is the fish which will drown if forced to stay too long underwater. It is the mudskipper, which likes to lie in the sun, and breathes through its tail! Its eye rises out of its head like a periscope.

Alan Villiers' friends, the people of the Coral Sea, are interesting folk. The Tanna islanders, for example, used to be extremely tidy, not because they liked tidiness for itself, but because they were afraid of any rubbish they had touched getting into the hands of "disease-makers," men who, by burning

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## THIRSTY WEATHER



Jack and Daphne, six-month-old twin bears at the London Zoo, made two new friends when Theresa Wiltshire and Jean Booth, of Notre Dame School, Southwark, gave them their bottles of milk. They were the first visitors allowed to feed these attractive babies.

### Father's Model Playground

A CHILDREN'S playground made from scrap has been awarded the first prize in a competition organised by the National Baby Welfare Council. A working model, the playground has a maypole, swings, see-saw, slide, paddling pool, and sandpit; and it was made by Mr A. G. Williams, of Kingsley Park, Northampton.

The cost was 7s 1d, and among the materials used were old watch and wireless parts, a dried-milk tin, firewood, wire, and steel banding used for packing-cases.

### EAGLES PUT TO FLIGHT

A PARTY motoring near Oban stopped to admire a pair of eagles gliding 200 feet up. Suddenly a peewit rose and attacked the "kings of the air," which beat a hasty retreat.

There can be little doubt that the peewits' nest was in the vicinity.

### Climbing the Unclimbed

A NORWEGIAN expedition is attempting to scale Mount Tirich Mir in the Himalayas (24,340 feet), one of the highest peaks of the 100,000 in the range, and one that has never yet been climbed. The only higher peaks so far climbed are Nanda Devi and Nanda Kamet.

The leader of the expedition is 50-year-old Professor Arne Naess of Oslo University, and included in the party are a barrister, a doctor, a tailor, a Civil Servant, a geologist, a botanist, and two cameramen.

## In the Realms of the Rains

### WET RECORDS

THE latest rainfall figures from the Indian district of Darjeeling in the Lower Himalayas have caused holiday-makers to shudder. In the course of a mere two days rain totalling over 32 inches fell there!

It is hard for us in our temperate climate to realise what such a downpour means. An inch of rain brings rather more than a hundred tons of water to the acre. If London had had Darjeeling's fall and the water had stayed for a while, Hyde Park would have borne on its 390 acres almost 1,250,000 tons of rainwater!

Such deluges are not uncommon in hot countries, except in desert areas. But Britain, too, has on occasion had her freakish downpours. During an exceptional storm at Bruton, Somerset, 33 years ago, more than nine inches fell during the course of a day in June.

### Downpour!

Even Darjeeling's rainfall record, however, is trifling compared with that of Cherrapunji, in Assam, where records taken over a great many years reveal that the average yearly rainfall amounts to some 430 inches; and this vast deluge is usually crowded into the months April to September. However, records taken in recent years at Waialeale in Hawaii show an average yearly rainfall of 518 inches!

British rainfall as a whole rarely exceeds in a year the total recorded in two recent days at Darjeeling, yet we have here and there figures to show that enable us for a moment or so to look the rainy countries in the face. Borrowdale and the observatories of Snowdon and Ben Nevis have recorded rainfall exceeding 240 inches in a year.

At present holiday-makers reserve their warmest applause for resorts whose rainfall is lightest. Up to date Margate holds the record in this connection, for throughout 1921 it received only nine inches of rain!

### EENY-MEENY-MINY-MO

WHEN we say "Eeny-meeny-miny-mo" in a game we may be repeating words used by our Stone-Age ancestors, for some students of Folklore believe that they are a survival of a numerical system used 10,000 years ago. Their equivalent is found all over the world in civilisations which have no common language heritage.

Such matters are the study of the International Commission on Folk Arts and Folklore which this year, with Unesco's help, will publish the first volume of a work on Folklore called *Laos*. This will deal with such matters as masks and their development, comparative studies on gestures, and lullabies.

# Shadow Over the Land of Morning Calm

THE eyes of the world are on Korea, and, with the United Nations taking strong action against the North Korean authorities, the issue in that country becomes of vital importance for the future peace of mankind. The clash of arms in the "Land of Morning Calm," as Korea is known in its own language, is thus deciding far more than the fate of that country.

Korea, a land of some 85,000 square miles and 25 million people, is small compared with her neighbours China, Russia, and even Japan. But, though her area is small and her people are poor, Korea is a country of great antiquity, fascinating history, and great achievements. Two of the latter are outstanding—the invention, 50 years before Gutenberg, of printing with movable metal type, and the use in the 16th century of ironclad vessels to thwart a Japanese attempt to enslave the country.

## The Hermit Nation

For centuries, indeed, she succeeded in maintaining a high social culture, resisting and buying off her foes, and keeping herself to herself so that she became known as the Hermit Nation. She has rich resources, minerals in the north, fertile fields in the south.

Unfortunately, the history of the Koreans, who are distinct in race from the Chinese and Japanese, has been often, too often, dominated by the clash of interests of her powerful and, at times, unfriendly neighbours. Like the border countries in Europe, Poland or Czechoslovakia for example, Korea has endured numerous invasions—from China, Manchuria, and also from Japan.

The history of the present trouble goes back to the last quarter of the 19th century with the growing struggle of Powers including Russia, China, Japan, and in recent years, the United States. Of these Powers, Japan proved to be the most ruthless. In 1895 Japan did not hesitate to send armed men to the royal palace at Seoul with orders to kill the Queen, who was resisting their encroachments. Having killed the Queen, the Japanese set up a puppet government and prepared to take over the country.

But the influence of Russia was still strong in the north, and it was only after Russia's defeat by Japan in 1905 that Korean

independence began to wane. Her emperor was forced to abdicate in 1907 and the country's annexation by Japan was completed by 1910.

The period of occupation, which ended only with the Second World War, was one of the saddest in the country's history. The Korean peasant became a serf to Japanese landlords and even the well-to-do Koreans were closely watched. The language of the country was neglected and no teaching of its history was allowed. The natural riches of Korea were either left unused or exploited by and for the Japanese alone. Every effort to rally the Koreans in defence of their country was considered treason and even the singing of the national anthem was punishable by death.

It was against this unhappy background that the enslaved Koreans learned about the famous 1943 Cairo Conference of Britain, America, and China in which the Allies promised the country full independence after victory. Two years later that pledge was fulfilled. A Korean Government under the great patriot, Dr Syngman Rhee, was formed in the fine capital city of Seoul.

## Communist Aggression

But unfortunately the Government could not take over the whole country, as part of it, north of the 38th Parallel, fell under Russian occupation. There, the Soviet Union set up a government subservient to it, and it was this Communist Government that launched its armed forces against the legitimate rulers of the country.

The intervention of the Security Council in the Korean struggle and the despatch of powerful American and British forces to the scene of fighting, with the approval and support of the other free countries, indicated that the democracies were resolved to halt Communist aggression in the Far East and thus try to prevent the development of a Third World War.

# Adventuring in the Coral Sea

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such rubbish, could, they believed, produce a disease in the person who had first handled it. So all rubbish had to be hastily disposed of!

The most remarkable feature of all the islanders, however, records Alan Villiers, is the skill and courage with which they navigate their flimsy canoes over great distances, a skill that survived until recently. Alan Villiers himself in 1935, when his stout sailing-ship was labouring in a rough sea, was amazed to see a native canoe skimming over the waves. It consisted of a platform between the canoe and an outrigger, and had a sail made of a pandanus leaf. The daring, half-naked native sailors, squatting on their crazy deck, grinned up at him as they flashed past.

The life of the native is easier today than in the bad old times of superstition, cannibalism, and tribal warfare. By the beginning of the 20th century the islands were all under efficient administration, and the good work done by the missionaries and the white officials earned a reward in full. For during the Second World War the islanders were staunchly loyal to the Allies, and the Solomon Islanders in particular carried out a heroic air-sea rescue service.

Alan Villiers has devoted the greater part of his book to the history of the exploration of the Coral Sea, and an enthralling story from the early Portuguese mariners to the great Matthew Flinders.

*The Coral Sea* is a book for all adventure-lovers.

# NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

## GUIDE SUNDAY

This year marks the 40th Birthday of the Girl Guide Movement, and on July 16 Guide Sunday will be observed throughout the country.

*Caernarvon is to present a pair of wrought-iron gates to the Lloyd George Memorial College at Llanystumdwy near Criccieth.*

Two passenger vessels are to be built at Dumbarton for service on the Sea of Marmara. This is the first order received by a British shipyard from Turkey for 30 years.

New Zealand nurses and ex-Service men and women have promised to raise £16,000 for the Commonwealth and Empire Nurses' Memorial Fund. The fund has a target of £100,000 to provide a roll of honour in Westminster Abbey and post-graduate travelling scholarships for nurses.



"Are you kids lost?" seems to be the question asked by the Mounted Policeman's horse. The kid and fawn, which had strayed from the Children's Zoo in Stanley Park, Vancouver, British Columbia, were soon returned to their home.

## 10 Miles A Minute

Britain's new jet fighter, the Hawker P1081, flew 218 miles from Brussels to London in 21 minutes recently.

*The Metropolitan Police Roll of Honour in the nave of Westminster Abbey will be dedicated in the presence of the King and Queen on July 27.*

During the first half of this year Australia welcomed 91,500 immigrants, an all-time record, and 15,000 more than in the same period last year.

University students seeking paid jobs during the long vacation have been offered employment as bus conductors by Leeds Corporation.

## GIFT TO AUSTRALIA

A grant of £25,000 has been made to the New South Wales University of Technology for the endowment of a Nuffield Research Chair of Mechanical Engineering. It is the first grant under the Nuffield Foundation's scheme to encourage research in the Commonwealth.

A full-rigged Norwegian sailing ship—the *Sorlandet*—with a crew of 14 officers and 88 boys—has been spending some time at Hartlepool. The Norwegian boys, seeing this country for the first time, undertook this trip as part of their training prior to entering the Norwegian Merchant Navy.

A lobster caught off Newport, U.S.A., weighed 17½ lbs. and was 37 inches long.

A gold Henry VIII coin, known as a Half George Noble, has been sold for £1200 at a London auction.

The Swiss Trades Union Congress have presented Mr Bevin with a watch which gives the date and day of the week as well as the time.

## Not So Slo-Mo-Shun

On Lake Washington, near Seattle, Stanley S. Sayres has set up a new water-speed record of 160 m.p.h. in his speedboat *Slo-Mo-Shun IV*, breaking the record of 142 m.p.h. set up by the late Sir Malcolm Campbell in 1939.

A 14-year-old, Portsmouth schoolboy, D. Ashby, recently made a long jump of 21 feet 7 inches.

Sussex Sea Scouts are to have an annual canoe race on their own waters. On July 16 they will hold two races up the River Arun from Littlehampton, one 14 miles to Houghton, and the other 2½ miles to Stopham.

Sir Percival David has given his splendid collection of Chinese ceramics, together with a library on the subject, to the University of London. It includes wares of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 960-1279), and is the finest collection of its kind in Europe.

One out of every three people employed in Australia works in a factory. In the last ten years Australia's industrial production has increased by about 45 per cent.

## SEARCH FOR GOLD

Two American-designed magnetometers, carried in specially de-magnetised planes, are to be used by the Australian Government to search for new gold-fields. The instruments show the presence of ore deposits by recording magnetic variations along the Earth's crust.

M.G. Midget sports cars are earning Britain about 100,000 dollars a week through sales in the United States.

On July 20 the Oxford University Players will fly to Chicago on the first stage of a tour of America, during which they will perform Shakespeare's *King Lear* and Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*.

During 1949 the American Bible Society distributed the record number of nine million copies of the Bible throughout the world.

## Old Mill

The 15th-century Alderley Old Mill, Nether Alderley, Cheshire, which remained in use until 1939, has been given to the National Trust by Major and Mrs J. A. Sheldermine.

Some 20,000 of New Zealand's 469,000 homes are without radio.

The bell of the Royal Scot locomotive, removed because of the fitting of a new boiler, has been given to York Railway Museum.

# Homes on Stilts in Cockatoo Island

THIS summer 85 families are taking up residence on a desert island in the Buccaneer Archipelago, Western Australia.

Their homes will be on Cockatoo Island, and the families are settling there because it has been found that, hidden in its hills, are 25 million tons of iron ore! The island is 75 miles from the mainland, but this part of Australia is uninhabited, so that food has to be taken to the islanders from ports 300 miles away. Even water has to be taken there.

Four ships—the largest ever to be built in Australia—are to take food and water to the island and bring back the ore. Two of the vessels—the *Iron Yampi* and the *Iron Kimberley*—have already been launched. The houses on Cockatoo Island have had to be built on stilts to keep out the white ants, but they are gaily painted and overlook the sea.

## TALKING OF SPORT

MR R. G. STRUTT is headmaster as well as cricket coach of a Yorkshire preparatory school, and has observed the pitfalls and faults into which boys fall.

He has put this experience to good use in *Schoolboy Cricket* (Hutchinson, 7s 6d) to teach the foundations of the game, which should be mastered by the young player.

It is a book to read and keep. Photographs and diagrams fully illustrate detailed instructions.

CAN you reach over the net and play a stroke? Do you lose the point if you hit the ball twice? These, and many other questions are answered in *Lawn Tennis* (Educational Productions 2s).

This little book contains the full rules as revised last year; and solves many "sticky" problems in simple question-and-answer form, as well as by drawings. Twelve illustrated pages deal with stroke play.

IN *Let's Go Cycling* (Nelson, 7s 6d) R. C. Shaw, who is secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club, tells us how to get the most from our "two-wheeled velocipede." He deals with many aspects of cycling—choosing and taking care of a bicycle, clubs, touring at home and abroad—and gives many useful hints.

## Most Popular Hymn

WHAT is the most popular hymn among the English-speaking peoples of the world?

The people of Melbourne, Australia, of whom the Revd Dr C. Irving Benson, of Wesley Church, Melbourne, recently took a poll, have voted overwhelmingly for *Abide With Me*. It secured more than twice as many votes as all the other favourite hymns put together.

## PORTER DIPLOMAT

RAILWAY porters often have to be diplomatic, but one at King's Cross is specially well-qualified; before the war he was the Polish Vice-Consul at Roumania and Czechoslovakia, and in 1939 was first secretary in the Embassy at Bucharest.

Among his accomplishments is a knowledge of five languages. His name is Mr Krzyanowski, known to fellow porters as "K."



## WHERE DOCTORS CHASE PATIENTS

Two fully-equipped travelling clinics with a medical team recently set out into the wilds of French Nigeria in search of patients who never come near European doctors.

In this part of Nigeria there are between 500,000 and 600,000 natives, many of whom live the wandering life of nomads. They are often hostile to white doctors, suspecting them of evil "magic."

The French doctors overcome their suspicions by first persuading the native chief of an area that European medicine is a good thing. Then they get him to make a commentary in the

native language on the various films which the team show by their portable projector—films which are mostly animated cartoons dealing with health and sanitation. The chief's description is taken down on a wire recorder and, later, the films are shown to a native audience who thus hear them explained in the voice of their own chief.

Their fears disarmed, the audience are examined for tuberculosis and given blood-tests. The two medical trucks are equipped with the best X-ray apparatus by which it is hoped to examine 100,000 people this year.

## ROMAN SOLDIER LOST HIS PAY

A WORKMAN employed by the Ministry of Works on the excavations of the Roman fort on Hadrian's Wall at Birdoswald, near Gilsland, found a Roman soldier's bronze arm-purse containing 28 Roman silver coins, of the period 150 B.C. to A.D. 119. Roman legionaries had no pockets and carried money in a metal purse clipped to the arm.

At the inquest on the find, Professor Ian Richmond, archaeologist, said he had come to the conclusion that the purse had been accidentally lost in a bank of earth behind the Roman wall. The coins were the ordinary soldier's pay.

The coroner said that this meant that the coins were not treasure trove, and they were handed back to the finder. Their value was stated to be their weight in silver.

## WHITE HORSE LIT UP

THE famous White Horse at Westbury, Wiltshire, said to have been made to commemorate King Alfred's victory over Danish invaders, is to be lit-up at night this summer.

## THANK-YOU PLAQUES

THE Protestant churches of the Netherlands have just presented memorial plaques of pottery to 17 British churches. They bear the words, *To the Glory of God and in grateful remembrance of generous hospitality bestowed on the Netherlands Sailors, Soldiers, and Airmen during their stay in the United Kingdom. Anno Domini 1940-47. "I was a stranger and ye took me in."*

## ANTIQUARIAN GIRL

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Margaret Bremner, who lives at Freshwick, a few miles from John o' Groats, is an observant girl. On different occasions while she was out walking near her home she noticed and picked up interesting objects belonging to the period when the Norsemen lived in Caithness. These objects include a bronze comb, bone and bronze pins, bronze needles, and two whetstones. Another find made by Margaret is an eight-pointed medieval bronze brooch.

Margaret has sent her finds to the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh, where they are to be exhibited.

## GENTLE DIZZIE

DIZZIE, who is a great favourite at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, Australia, has reached the age of forty.

Dizzie is a hippopotamus, and is a gentle creature. Anyone can sit on his back, and he does not worry. His keeper says that a man could put his head in Dizzie's mouth with complete safety.

## SAYING IT WITH MUSIC

A JUNIOR music society, started almost in secret by young people in Brussels during the Nazi occupation, now has 10,000 members. The Nazis disliked it but were unable to prevent the young Belgians from turning away from Nazi propaganda to study the world's great music.

The movement led to the International Federation of Junior Music which recently held its fifth congress in Vienna, with delegates from eight countries.

In Belgium the society is called Jeunesses Musicales, and its aim is to interest boys and girls in music, to form their musical taste, and to offer them concerts at prices they can afford. All its activities are worked out for young people by young people, and membership is limited to those between 12 and 25.

## PAPER-TEARING BIRDS

PAPER-TEARING by birds seems to be on the increase, and a special report on the habit, based on 2442 letters on the subject sent to the British Trust for Ornithology in 1949, has been made in the Trust's annual report.

The blue tit certainly appears to be the bird most commonly practising paper-tearing, but other birds indulge in it occasionally. Those observed include the rook, jackdaw, bullfinch, magpie, and red-legged partridge. The paper-tearing tendency appears to start in late July and works up to a peak of intensity between late October and mid-November. By mid-December it is mostly over, except for sporadic outbreaks.

Apart from these observations, however, not very much is known about the habit, and the inquiry is to be continued.

## AVIATION HISTORY

BRITISH air pioneers saw examples of their own early efforts when they recently visited the National Aeronautical Collection which is now on view again at the Science Museum, South Kensington.

The pioneers were Sir Frank Whittle, Lord Brabazon, and Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe. The first British pilot's licence, issued to Lord Brabazon, is on view, and also a paper on jet-propulsion written by Sir Frank Whittle while he was still a cadet. Here, too, is the triplane Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe flew in 1909.

Among many other interesting exhibits are souvenirs of two much earlier pioneers, Stringfellow and Henson. Stringfellow as long ago as 1848 made a model aeroplane which had a little steam engine and was the first powered model plane to fly; and they both, in the 1840's, patented a design for what they called an "Aerial Steam Carriage," which was intended to be a biplane.



## Paratrooper Goes Up

Lieutenant Peter Raynor, a paratrooper, reversed the usual process the other day by going up instead of coming down. The cluster of meteorological balloons were filled with hydrogen.

## GOOD PENN'ORTH

A SCOTTISH firm has just produced a penny-in-the-slot machine which should prove a boon to many swimmers. It is a simple hair-drier within a streamlined cover which can be adjusted for height to suit adults or children.

## SEEING IS BELIEVING

"THERE isn't any such fish," might be one's first pardonable objection on seeing a deep-sea angler-fish which was recently presented to the Marine Laboratory at Aberdeen. It was caught off the coast of Iceland.

The fish is black, about 21 inches long, and has a large mouth. On its snout grows what looks like a small tree with luminous tips to the branches. These excite the curiosity of other fish which, when they come closer to inspect the "pretty lights," find their way involuntarily into that gaping mouth.

The Aberdeen specimen is a female and, fittingly, has an impossible name; *Himantolophus rhynchodactylus*. Mrs Himan... etc, shows that it takes all sorts to make a world.

## LUCK OF THE TOSS

WHEN the referee tossed the coin, a florin, at the start of a Rugby football match at Dar-gaile, New Zealand, a dog ran on the field, caught the coin, and swallowed it!

## CAMPING CENTRE ON THE CLEE HILLS

THE Duke of Gloucester has unveiled a plaque at Nash Court—a new camping centre of the National Association of Boys' Clubs—commemorating the generosity of the people of South Africa who provided the £25,000 for its purchase.

The centre stands high on the southern slopes of the Clee Hills, overlooking the Welsh marches. The grounds will be used for giving boys a camping holiday, and the house has been equipped as a residential conference house.

## TV FROM TRENT BRIDGE

ANOTHER step forward in the march of television will be made when the third five-day Test match against the West Indies is televised from Trent Bridge, Nottingham, next week. This will be the most northerly point from which a television outside-broadcast unit has operated so far.

Transmission over the 150 miles to Alexandra Palace will be made via the Sutton Coldfield station, with Bardon Hill, Leicestershire (which is in visual range of both Nottingham and Sutton Coldfield) as an intermediary point.

The operation is to be carried out by means of a micro-wave link, a method which proved successful with the Boat Race.

## LIBRARY IN "LAND"

A 250-YEAR-OLD Edinburgh "land," or tenement, known as Fisher's Close, is to house the Scottish Central Library, at present accommodated in Dunfermline. It will become the most up-to-date post-war library building in Scotland.

Fisher's Close is on the south side of the Lawnmarket and is scheduled for preservation as one of the historic buildings of Edinburgh's famous Royal Mile. The internal state of the building is so ruinous that complete reconstruction is necessary.

## CRICKET CONVERT

MOST American visitors to this country are amazed by the popularity of cricket. They cannot understand our enthusiasm for such a "slow game."

Fourteen-year-old Bobbie Cavanagh, of Boston, was no exception when he came to stay with his grandparents at Coulsdon, Surrey, two years ago. He watched a few games, then one day at a club match he was asked to take the place of an injured player—and Bobbie was a convert.

The other day Bobbie returned home to America, but he is not giving up his cricket. He thinks that when he tells his school friends of the subtlety of the game he will manage to convert them, too. Good luck, Bobbie!



## Straws in the Wind

A gust of wind blows off the hats of two Harrow schoolboys. The wearing of straw hats at Harrow is again compulsory.

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AMONG NEWS FROM LONDON ZOO CRAVEN HILL TELLS OF A...

## Tiny Waif from Africa

At the reptile house there is a newcomer of special interest to children. He is a little "waif" from East Africa—a baby leopard tortoise (so-called because the species, when mature, develops little spots on its shell). "Baby," as they call him, is a gift to the collection from Dr D. E. MacInnes, of the Coryndon Museum, Nairobi, who found the infant tortoise as he was strolling round his garden—and indeed nearly stepped upon it!

When found, Baby was no larger than a half-crown piece, and weighed three-quarters of an ounce. He weighs more than that now, though, for he was brought home to England by sea by Dr MacInnes' daughter, and during the voyage fed so well and grew so rapidly that he now weighs nearly two ounces. Even so, Baby is by far the smallest tortoise in the Zoo and is one of the exhibits regularly brought out for handling by visitors who go "behind the scenes."

At the parrot house one of the Zoo's oldest birds has just passed away. He was George, the Australian slender-billed cockatoo, and he died of old age. Last of the "old guard" that had survived two world wars, George had been living in the Gardens since 1913, and was believed to be over 100 years old. He was certainly known to and loved by thousands of children, because of his many tricks, one of which was to dance on his perch, waving his wings in time to his own "music."

George was also an accomplished "chatterbox," his most frequently-repeated utterances being "Hallo!" and "Come along, now!"

George even on one occasion entertained an audience of learned zoologists. He was one of several exhibits produced at one of the Society's scientific

meetings. Because of him, the meeting was almost a fiasco. From the moment he was placed on the table, George talked so incessantly that the chairman could not get a word in edgeways. After a few minutes, the loquacious cockatoo had to be taken back to the parrot house. He went—still shrieking!

Two members of the London Zoo staff have just completed a successful expedition in search of wood-ants. They are Mr L. C. Bushby, curator of insects, and Headkeeper Sydney Walsh of the insect house. Equipped with a variety of gardeners' tools and four large square biscuit tins, they went to Oxshott Woods, Surrey.

"The search did not take long as we had been there before and knew the best locality," Mr Bushby told me. "We soon found a colony, which we captured almost entire, though not without difficulty, as the ants, once roused to activity, kept running up our digging implements and trying to bite our hands and arms. They can give quite painful bites."

"Within an hour or so we had the colony safely housed in our tins and were on the homeward journey, with our catch—perhaps 20,000 red wood-ants—swarming about angrily inside their containers. We had no escapes, however, as we had taken the precaution of sealing all the tins with adhesive tape."

"There was a surprising development when we turned the colony out onto one of the two ant islands. The ants swarmed all over the island and, apparently deciding that they didn't like it, ran across the intervening bridge to the other island. This island seemed to satisfy them and they soon began 'digging in' there."

THE HUT MAN on 'Getting to Know the Countryside'...

## HOW TO RECOGNISE AN INSECT

ASK a friend if he likes beetles. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his answer will be, "No"; but ask the same friend if he likes ladybirds and he will almost certainly reply "Yes." Yet the ladybird, that little dome-shaped insect round, with five black dots on a carmine ground, is a beetle!

Most of us think we dislike beetles, just as most of us think we dislike insects in general, but if we are quite honest with ourselves, and seek a reason for this dislike, we find that it is only because we know so very little about them. And what we do know is all too often incorrect. We may have been warned that earwigs crawl into our ears, that bees and wasps love to sting, and that dragonflies carry deadly poison in their jaws.

It is ridiculous beliefs such as these which make so many of us dislike insects. An American

begin to learn something about them, our imagined dislike quickly disappears in the fascination of their wonderful lives. For the insects live in a world of their own and have life-stories to tell which are stranger than fairy-tales.

It is this world we are now going to enter, but before study-

Fourth and last of the features we must look for to identify insects is the legs, and all true insects must have six, joined to the thorax or middle part of the body.

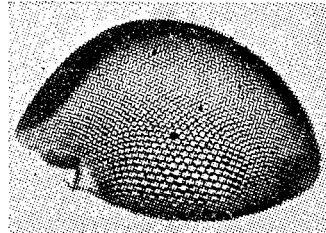
Let us put down these four features clearly so that we can memorise them:

- 1 Three parts to body.
- 2 Two compound eyes.
- 3 Two antennae.
- 4 Six legs.

Each creepy-crawly we find must have all these features if it is a true insect. If not, it belongs to one of the other groups into which the small creatures of the countryside are divided. Spiders, for example, are not insects, though many people think they are; for spiders have (1) two parts to their body, (2) numerous small, simple eyes, (3) no antennae, (4) eight legs.

It is important to remember that what we have learned about their appearance applies only to *adult* insects, for, unlike almost all other creatures, young insects do not in the least resemble their parents. Like almost all other living things, they start life as an egg, but when this hatches it is a helpless little creature called a larva that emerges. If it has legs, like the larvae of butterflies and moths, we call it a caterpillar; if it has no legs at all, like the larvae of wasps and bees, it is called a grub.

Now when we examine a caterpillar it will appear at first glance to have more than six legs, but closer inspection will show that the six true insect legs are towards the front of the body while the limbs at the rear are not really legs at all; they are



The eye of a fly greatly magnified

ing its small inhabitants we must first of all be sure we can recognise an insect when we see one. All the creepy-crawlies we find in the countryside are not insects, so our first task must be to find out what a true insect looks like.

It will be sufficient if we remember only four features by which insects differ from all the other small creatures we shall find. First, what we might call the insect's body is made up of three parts, the first and second being joined by a very slender neck, and the second and third by an equally thread-like waist. These three parts are the head, chest or thorax, and abdomen. It is from the separated appearance of these parts that this group of small creatures received its name, for the word insect means "cut into."

Second, every true insect has two large eyes, one on each side of its head, and these eyes are very wonderful organs indeed. Our own eyes each have one lens, but insect eyes may have many thousands of lenses; the little house-fly has four thousand in each eye, and some of the dragonflies have splendid eyes with as many as 30,000 lenses. Because they are composed of so many lenses these eyes are known as compound eyes.

Third, an insect has two fragile little horns projecting from its head. We commonly call them feelers, but this is not a very good name as it is apt to make us think that insects use them only as organs of touch. Many insects do feel with them, but they are used for many other purposes, one of the most important (in some insects) being the sense of smell. The correct name for these sensitive organs is antennae, and we shall find that they can take many different and sometimes very wonderful forms.

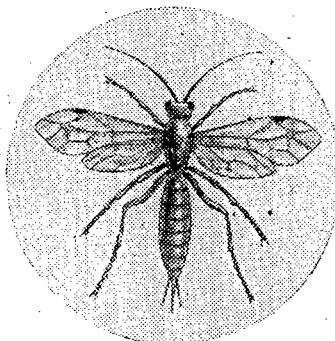


gripping pads with which the insect, while a caterpillar, is able to grasp the leaf and stem of its food plant.

With this knowledge we need never again fear mistaking the insects for any of the other small creatures we find during country walks. We have been introduced. Having found one we shall be able to say with confidence, "This is an insect" ... but no sooner have we said this than the question arises, "What kind of insect is it?" With our commoner insects, which also belong to our most important insect groups, this will not be too difficult a question for us to answer; but the subject is such a very fascinating one that we will leave it for our talk next month.

One thing we *must not* do, and that is guess. There are flies that look like wasps, and there are wasps and bees that look like flies, and if we go by general shape and colour alone we are sure to make many mistakes.

NEXT month, however, we shall find that every insect wears a badge, and that by these badges we can name them correctly. We shall find at the same time that the ways in which the insects won these badges are among the most amazing stories in the wonder-book of Nature



Ichneumon fly, a typical insect

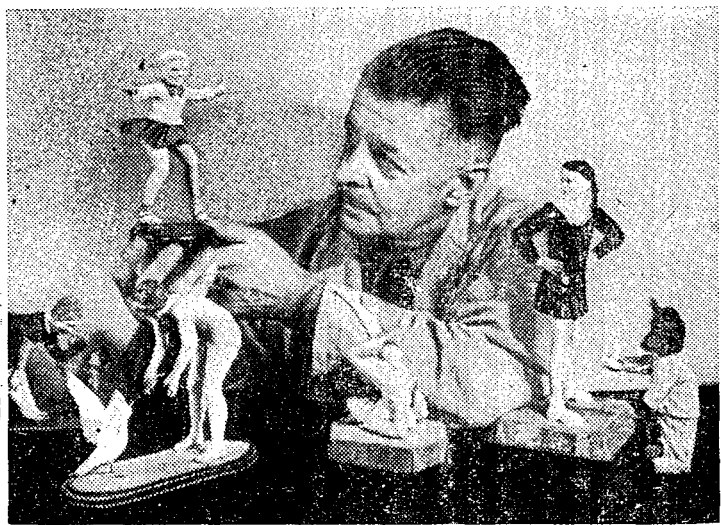
once said humorously, "The trouble with most folks is not so much their ignorance, as their knowing so many things which ain't so." There is a very big amount of truth in that!

Once we decide to pay attention to the insects, and once we

## MODEL-MAKERS

Right, Mr Patrick Bacon, of Jersey, in the Channel Islands, makes models of real people from the timber of famous ships. The figure of a skater he is holding in his hand is for Princess Elizabeth, who has also commissioned him to make a model for Prince Charles.

Below, the hobby of 19-year-old Vivienne Price, of Ewell, Surrey, is making and dressing queens of England. She already has eight queens and one princess, and now she wishes to make a model of Queen Mary. Here she is working on Margaret of Anjou.



## SEALS AT THE SEASIDE

At the request of the RSPCA, Hunstanton Council have instructed their seafront employees to try to prevent holiday-makers from making a fuss of young seals. Hundreds of seals breed on two islands in the Wash, and every summer baby seals are found almost daily on the beach of this Norfolk resort.

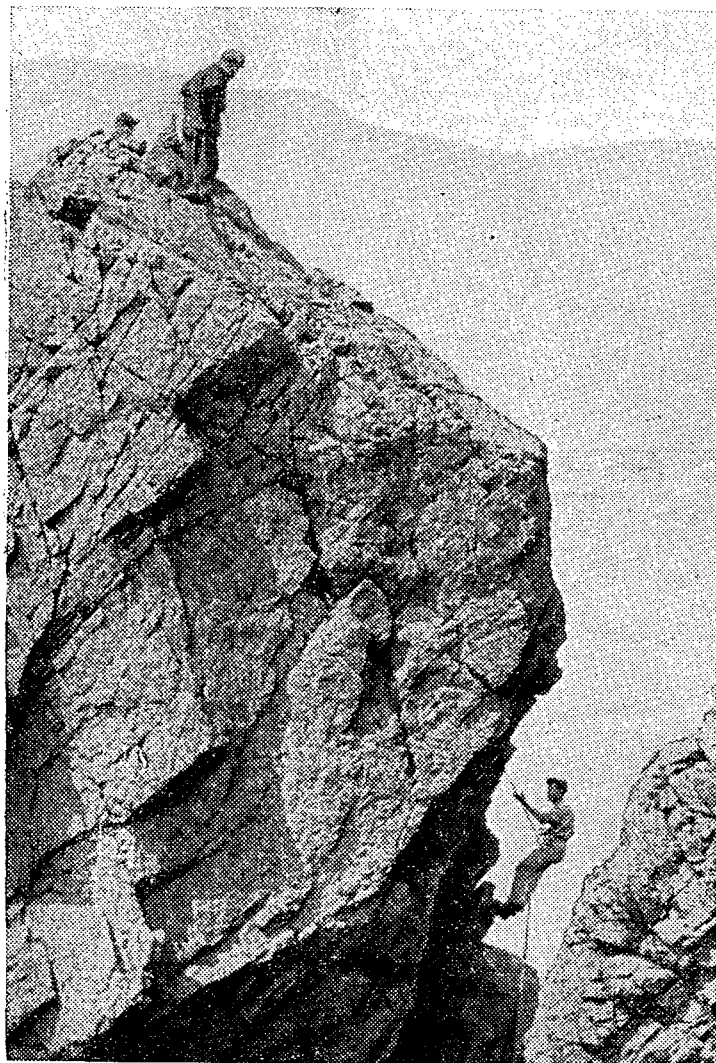
When a baby seal is found, Mr H. Wilson, the beach inspector, takes charge. "I look after it," he told a CN correspondent,

"until I can get one of the boats to take the seal and drop it as near the islands as possible. It is my job to prevent the public making too much fuss of the seals. It is very difficult, though."

"A baby seal soon attracts a crowd. Last year there was one we simply could not get rid of after people had been petting it. Every time it was dumped out at sea it swam back to the beach. In the end it had to be taken right back and put on one of the islands."



# School in the Mountains

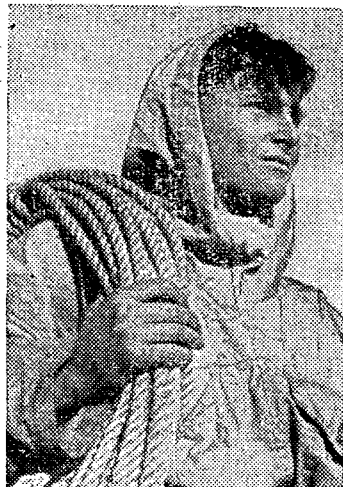


A party of climbers on Scafell

"**B**EAT your own best" is one of the watchwords of the lads at the Outward Bound Trust Mountaineering School at Eskdale, Cumberland, where young fellows go to develop in themselves toughness and self-reliance.

In climbing and athletics they do not vie with one another, but each strives to do better than he did last time.

The School was officially opened recently by the Minister

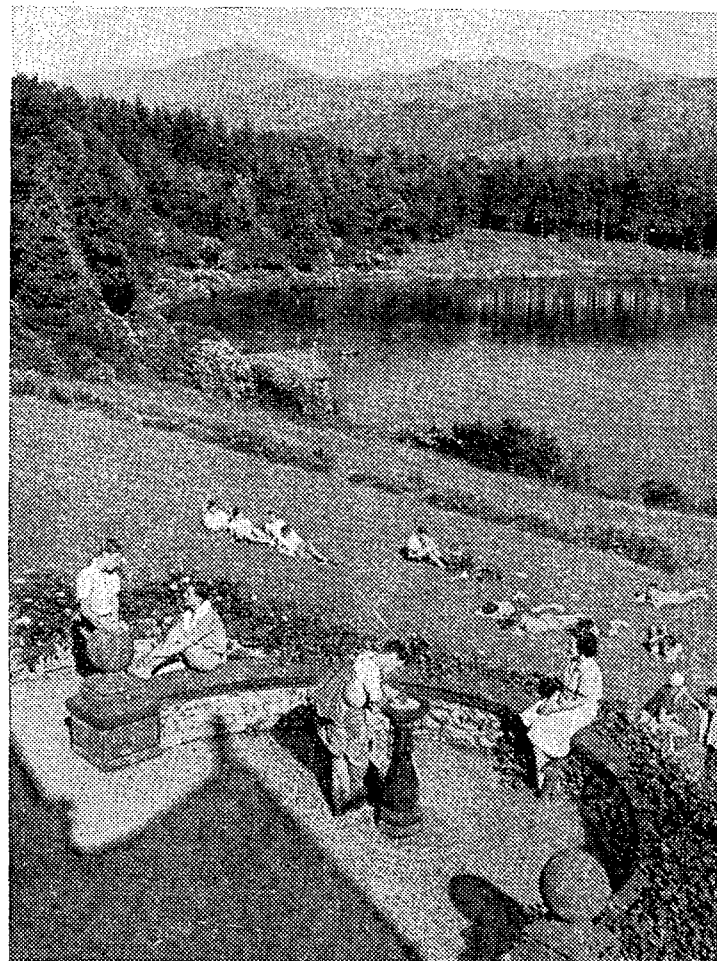
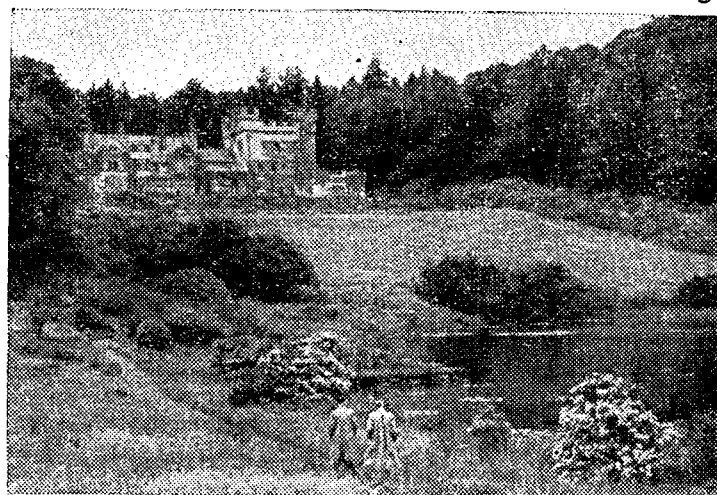


Ready for a climb

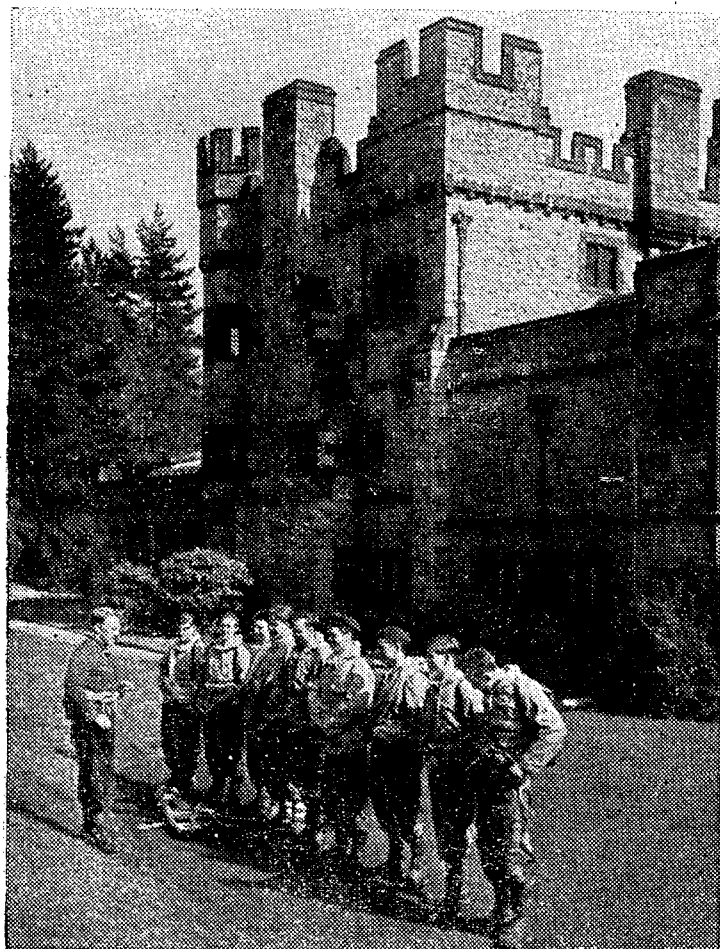
of Education. It is established in a mansion called Gatehouse, formerly the property of Lord Rea, which has a lake in its grounds in one of Cumberland's delightful valleys, surrounded by great rocky crags crowning lovely wooded slopes.

Here young men between 15 and 19 from schools and industrial workshops spend four weeks of hardy adventure, of which probably the most exciting—as well as the most exacting—is climbing Scafell, 3210 feet.

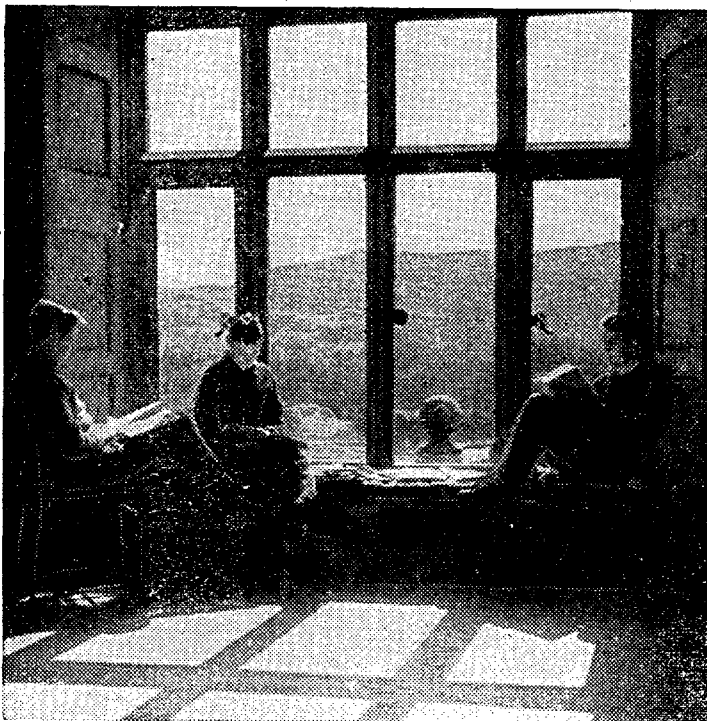
**E**XPERT mountaineers are among the instructors and they accompany the students to these breezy heights, showing them how to scale tricky places, how to read maps, and to carry out rescue work. For the School



The Outward Bound School at Eskdale is beautifully situated on the shores of a lake, with fine views of the Lakeland mountains from the terrace



The mountain rescue team is briefed before setting off on a practice call



Some of the boys enjoy a quiet read on the window seat in the sunny recreation and rest room

has its own rescue team, ready to help other climbers.

Besides mountaineering the young men go in for boat-work on the lake and the estuary nearby, and there is also swimming and plenty of athletics under the direction of Dr B. Zimmerman, a former Olympic Games champion. For variety, there is the study of forestry in the School's own woods. There are a few lectures but, of course, no book lessons; the mountainside and the lake are the school-rooms of these young men.

**T**HE Warden of Gatehouse is Mr Adam Arnold-Brown, aged 31, a mountaineer and geographer, and ex-captain of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. The fee for the course is £17 10s, but this is generally paid by firms or local education authorities.

The whole purpose of the Mountaineering School is character-building for the citizens of the future, and the motto of the young adventurers is: *To serve, to strive, and not to yield.*



### Chair For the Speaker

The new Speaker's Chair for the House of Commons Chamber, which is to be opened on October 26, has been carved at Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, from wood given by Australia. Here is Charles Gisbourne, 69-year-old woodcarver, at work on the coat-of-arms for the head of the chair.

### Britannia Was Here in Roman Days

ONE of the youngest and proudest archaeologists in Britain today is 16-year-old Tony Rook of Sevenoaks, Kent. For after digging for some weeks on the old Roman site at Lullingstone he recently discovered a copper coin of Antoninus Pius which bears one of the earliest known representations of Britannia.

Antoninus was one of the first Roman emperors to have Britain symbolised on his coinage by a girl carrying a spear and a shield.

Britannia did not reappear on English copper coins until 1672, when John Roettiers engraved a portrait of Frances Stewart (later the Duchess of Richmond) on the then new halfpenny and farthing. She was seated on a rock, looking towards the left and carrying a spear and a palm branch.

Britannia appeared later on some famous coins, including the 1797 twopenny pieces—the only twopenny pieces ever issued. In place of her spear she carried a trident. These coins were so heavy that they were called

### THIS KIND WORLD

A SCOTTISH miner named Daniel M'Vicar gives his spare time to visiting the young patients of a sanatorium. Three times a week he and a group of miner friends keep up a regular scheme of visits and entertainments.

They have often wished to be able to take the young patients out for a breather in the country, but they had no car. Then one day recently, in the village of Harthill, an old miner and his wife gave Daniel M'Vicar a packet of notes amounting to £130. "Buy the car for the youngsters," they said.

Later that week a friend whispered the news that he had heard of a car for sale at the low price of £125. And now, with petrol off the ration, Daniel M'Vicar is able to give the young patients the jolliest outings of their lives.

Cartwheels and, because they weighed exactly two ounces, shopkeepers used them on their scales. A dozen of them would tear the bottom out of the strongest pocket and the issue was discontinued after a year.

The Britannia on our modern penny dates from 1837, when she was first shown looking towards the right and accompanied by a lighthouse and a ship. In 1895 a new penny was designed and the ship and lighthouse disappeared. This caused hundreds of letters to arrive at the Mint demanding the return of the two emblems, but it was not until 1937 that the lighthouse reappeared—but not the ship. Many people hope that when the penny is re-designed a ship will sail on the sea beside Britannia.

### TONY, SMUDGE, AND TAWNY

ANTHONY WILSMORE, aged ten, of St Albans, Herts, is a naturalist, and he goes in for uncommon pets. He is seen here with Smudge the Squirrel and Tawny the Owl; Smudge characteristically busy with a nut, and Tawny looking wise and obviously posing for her photograph.

Both were brought up from the time they were babies by Anthony—with the help of his mother. Anthony used to have another squirrel named Ricky who was great friends with Smudge, but Ricky must have grown tired of jumping about on the drawing-room curtains with Smudge and have wanted trees, for recently he disappeared.

Ricky had been acquired by Anthony as a tiny baby squirrel, his eyes not open, after he had been raked out of his nest by some other boys. An-

### The King and the Stag

THE stag's head complete with antlers that surmounts the front gable of the Canongate Church, Edinburgh, which has just been redecorated, recalls an episode in the life of King David the First of Scotland which resulted in the formation of Holyrood Abbey in 1128.

According to tradition, David planned to go out hunting on the Feast of the Holy Cross. The clergy warned him against hunting on a holy day, but the king persisted. During the hunt David was separated from his companions. Suddenly he was confronted by a stag and his horse, startled at the sight, threw his royal rider. The stag charged the helpless monarch and would have killed him had not its antlers struck against a cross or rood, which was suspended round the king's neck.

In gratitude for his miraculous deliverance David vowed that he would build an abbey on the spot, and this was named Holyrood.

### GLIDING CONTESTS

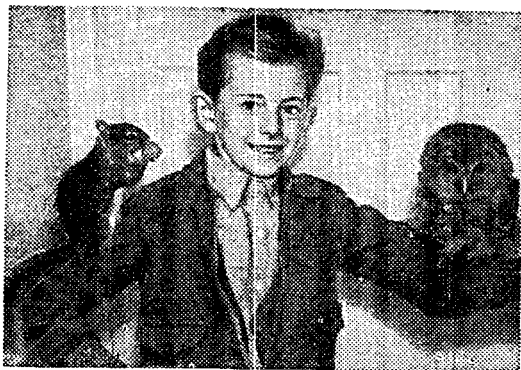
IN order to reach Great Hucklow, Derbyshire, in time to compete in the British national gliding contests which begin on July 22, 46-year-old Mr Philip Wills—Britain's ace glider pilot—must make a thousand-mile dash by land and sea. For on July 16 he will conclude a fortnight's flying at Orebro, Sweden, where he is leading a British team of four glider experts.

With his Weihe sailplane packed in the trailer behind his car Mr Wills, accompanied by his wife, will drive immediately to Göteborg, and plans to reach Tilbury three days later. He will then drive directly to Great Hucklow in readiness for the practice period preceding the contests.

The remainder of the team competing in Sweden will be unable to attend, but about 50 of Britain's leading pilots, and 12 teams—the highest total so far—will be competing.

Anthony took him home and fed him on milk from a bottle.

Tawny was a very small fluffy chick when a friend of Anthony's gave her to him, and the first problem in feeding the owl was to find its beak! As a grown-up owl Tawny prefers mice to anything else and so Anthony's friends bring her the mice caught by their cats. During the day Tawny generally sits in a tree in the garden, but she is regularly called in at dusk for her "evening mouse."



Anthony Wilsmore with his two unusual pets—Smudge the Squirrel and Tawny the Owl

### The Editor's Table

#### OUR STATELY HOMES

ALL over our country there are fine old houses standing in great parks; they are an integral part of the landscape and part of the historic heritage of Britain. But owing to taxation and increasingly high costs of upkeep, owners are no longer able to look after them in the way they wish. It would be a sad chapter in our island story if these fine ancestral homes were allowed to fall into decay, and so an official Committee, appointed to investigate this national problem, has made some useful recommendations.

If the committee's suggestions are approved by Parliament owners of beautiful and historic houses will be able to get relief in taxation, as well as help in many other ways, provided they share their proud possession with the people, allowing visitors to view their homes.

The preservation of the "stately homes" of our land which have been cherished by generation after generation is a matter of national importance; and it is good news to learn that despite all the pressing problems of our times it is not being overlooked.

#### THE CINEMA MAN

WHO have the big names in the world of the cinema?

The "stars," and, to a somewhat lesser degree, certain producers and directors.

Now British film producers are to do justice to a man whose name should be known by every cinema-goer—William Friese Greene, who as long ago as 1889 took out a provisional patent for the first camera and projector using sensitised celluloid film.

As a joint effort by the British industry the life-story of William Friese Greene is to be filmed in Technicolor as a prestige picture for next year's Festival of Britain.

The film business was already a wealthy industry when Friese Greene died in 1921, but its pioneer had received few of the fruits of his invention and his name was almost unknown even within the industry itself.

The British film industry is to be congratulated on the determination to tell the world about this little-known man whose name should rank high among those of the world's pioneers.

#### HAIL, SWALLOW!

THE swallow is come! the swallow is come!  
O, fair are the seasons, and light  
Are the days that she brings with  
her dusky wings,  
And her bosom snowy white!

H. W. Longfellow

#### JUST AN IDEA

As Sir Walter Scott wrote,  
The best part of a man's education  
is that which he gives to himself.

### How We Are Doing at School

IF you are a senior in a junior school it is probable that you read more widely and write more freely than a pupil of your age ten years ago; but your arithmetic is not so good.

This may be gathered from the annual report of the Ministry of Education (Stationery Office, 5s 6d).

In many other ways the boys and girls of 1950 are advancing. Secondary Modern pupils, for example, are developing a greater sense of responsibility, but they are handicapped at present by a lack of science teachers.

Perhaps the greatest gain noted in the Report is the more human atmosphere in our schools, the teachers paying far more attention to the individual needs of their pupils. Many teachers, however, have to struggle with the problem of classes that are too large. For the great school army of Britain keeps on growing, and last year numbered over 5,500,000.

### THE QUEEN MOTHER'S CARPET

THE wonderful carpet which Queen Mary, aged 83, made herself, has been bought for 100,000 dollars by the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire of Canada, an organisation similar to our W V S. By Queen Mary's wish the money is to be handed over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to help to pay off Britain's dollar debts.

Nor is the beautiful carpet's dollar-earning career finished, for it is to be shown at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto in August, and afterwards sent on a tour of the country, and the dollars it thus earns will be sent to Britain in addition to the purchase price.

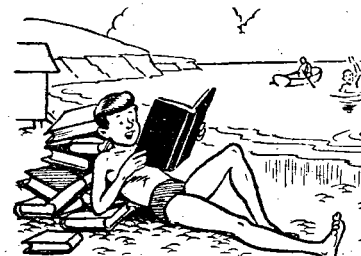
Thus the patient work for her country of our Gracious Queen Mother has been crowned with success. Her effort is a great inspiration to us all.

### Under the

SOME people have never seen a mountain pass. Have only seen it standing still.

A MAN says he can solve the housing problem if the Government will let him. But will he let the houses?

MONEY flows like water in Dublin. Everyone keeps a current account.



TAKE plenty of books to the seaside. don't want to bathe you can dip in



## THINGS SAID

OUR feet are on the right road, and if there happens to be a barrier across it at the moment, this is no reason to make a right-about turn.

*Sir Alexander Cadogan  
on the United Nations*

WHAT hope can there be for the future of the world unless there is some form of world government which can make its effort to prevent the renewal of the awful struggles through which we have passed?

*Mr Churchill*

LIBERTY, courage, constancy... of such, gentlemen, are the invisible exports of Great Britain to the world.

*John W. Davis, President  
of the U S Pilgrims*

HEREFORD vies with Kent for the description of "the garden of England."

*Mr J. H. Scudamore  
of the Hereford N F U*

—♦—

## Light of Other Days

A DUNDEE man living in America has asked the authorities of his native city to send him a lamp-post! He wants it to stand in his garden, a vivid, ever-present reminder of his boyhood in Scotland long ago.

No exile overseas ever made a more touching request. For many a city-born lad a lamp-post was the H Q of the first club he ever knew. Under the flickering light on a winter's evening he and his friends met and chose the football team. In the summer, when there was no flickering light, it was perhaps a wicket for a cricket match. All the year round it was a challenge to youth's instinct to climb.

Fortunately, in these days, lamp-posts are fast losing their value as youth centres. But certain it is that if this Dundee man gets his wish he will recapture and re-live many of his boyhood hours, and think that "those were the days!"

## Editor's Table

PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO KNOW

If top flats fetch  
highest rents



AT a fancy dress parade a lady wore a dress made of petrol coupons. Had got the right spirit.

IS a yawn a sign of boredom? An open question.

A LADY says she has such small feet she has never worn anything but children's shoes. No stockings?

A MAN puts forward the idea of building a glass-house three or four storeys high. Doubtless it will be looked into.

MANY boys are called after their father. Some get them. up earlier.

## The Truth About St Swithin's Day

MORE than any other day of the year, perhaps, July 15 is associated with weather forecasting, and many folk anxiously look to the skies to see what may be in store for the next forty days!

Should the day be a wet one, people whose holidays are booked for August become downcast, while in the country districts the older folk say that "St Swithin is baptising the fruit crops." Certainly in olden times both St Swithin's Day and the earlier Feast of St Peter (June 29) were associated with the blessing of the orchards.

BUT how did the superstition grow that if it rains on St Swithin's Day it will rain for forty days afterwards? And is there any justification for such a belief?

It is said that St Swithin, who was a Bishop of Winchester in the ninth century, expressed a wish to be buried not in the Cathedral but outside its walls so that the rain might fall upon him. His wishes were carried out, but some nine years later it was decided that it would be more appropriate for such a distinguished Saint of the Church to be interred within the building.

On the day appointed for the exhumation, the rain fell in such torrents and continued incessantly for forty days more that the plan was abandoned, and so the legend arose that the Saint had some power to influence the weather around this time of year.

A FEW years ago a learned society carried out an exhaustive survey of the weather records of this season, extending over many years. The conclusion was that there was nothing at all in the theory! Sometimes a gloriously fine "St Swithin's" had heralded a spell of storm and tempest, and several times a wet July 15 had preceded a long spell of sunshine extending right into the August holiday period.

So take heart, holidaymakers—it might never happen, even though it rains next Saturday!

## Dangerous Proposal

EFFORTS have again been made to persuade the Ministry of Transport to raise the speed limit of heavy lorries from 20 to 30 m p h. This proposal is strongly criticised by the National Road Transport Safety Council, who point out that last year 38,000 children were killed or injured on our roads.

The Council continued: "Surely there would be no rhyme nor reason in incurring a large expenditure of public money appealing to children to take care, if, immediately afterwards, the Government were to make a decision that would increase the dangers of the roads."

Many other bodies are also opposing this proposal, and C N readers will support the Council in this grave matter.



## Old Custom Revived

At Abingdon, in Berkshire, a 250-year-old custom has been revived, with the election of a Mayor of Ock Street for 1950. Here the new mayor and his nephew get ready for the ceremonial procession.

## ATHLETES AT THE WHITE CITY

SOME of the world's greatest athletes will be competing at the White City this week-end in the annual championships of the Amateur Athletic Association; for a "Three A's" title is a great honour.

It is 70 years since the A A A instituted their own championship meeting at Lillie Bridge, Fulham, and the records of the Association show that 80 entries were then received—more than ever before in any sports meeting! In these times, of course, competitors at the A A A Championships number several hundreds.

It is interesting to compare some of the original winners' times with those of last summer's champions. In 1880, the 100 yards was won in 10.2 seconds; last year, McDonald Bailey's time was 9.7 seconds. In the mile, the 1880 winner's time was 4 minutes 28.6 seconds; last year, Bill Nankeville set up a new record of 4 minutes 8.8 seconds after storms had partly flooded the White City track. In the 120-yards hurdles, the 1880 time was 16.4 seconds; but last July, the great-hearted Don Finlay, at the age of 42, won the event in 14.6 seconds.

One of the greatest races this week-end should be the 3-miles, with the great Irish-American athlete, John Joe Barry, defending the title he won last year. "John Joe," as he is familiarly known in his native Dublin, is now a student at the Villanova College, Pennsylvania, and has shown vastly improved form since adopting American training methods and competing against Americans in their own country.

Fewer Continental athletes will be competing this year owing to a number of meetings in their own countries. But the striving to win a "Three A's" title will be as keen as ever.

## Horse Parade

A DISPLAY of a most unusual art collection can now be seen at Glasgow, Corporation's Kelvingrove Galleries. It is made up of seven cases of model horses, executed in a great variety of materials and made by craftsmen of 19 countries.

The horses represent the lifetime's collecting of a noted Linlithgow sportsman, Mr Seton Murray Thomson, who died last year.

# Robert Louis Stevenson's Famous Grandfather

ONE of our greatest lighthouse engineers, Robert Stevenson, died on July 12 just a century ago, four months before the birth of his immortal grandson, Robert Louis Stevenson. For nearly 50 years he was engineer to the Northern Lighthouse Board, who are responsible for all the lights round the coast of Scotland, and he designed and built a score of lighthouses.

Robert Stevenson was born in Glasgow in 1772. He studied for the Church, but suddenly changed his plans and entered the office of his stepfather, Thomas Smith, who was engineer to the Northern Lighthouse Board.

Stevenson showed such promise in his new career that he was entrusted with the building of his first lighthouse when he was only 19. In 1796 he went into partnership with Smith, and shortly afterwards succeeded him as engineer to the Board.

With his tremendous enthusiasm and capacity for hard work, Stevenson soon made his mark. In 1801 he travelled 2500 miles round the coast of Britain examining lights, and later made three other extensive tours. All the time he went on making improvements.

## The Inchcape Rock

His greatest achievement was the building of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, off the mouth of the Tay. This isolated rock, the scene of Southey's poem, *The Inchcape Rock*, had been the cause of a great number of wrecks. Two attempts had been made to erect wooden beacons on the Rock, but both were swept away almost immediately.

The Northern Lighthouse Board decided to attempt to build a lighthouse there, and Stevenson's design, on the lines of Smeaton's Eddystone Lighthouse, was finally accepted. Work began in August 1807, but it was nearly a year before the first stone was laid, the delay being due to the short time in which it was possible to work on the Rock, which was submerged at high water; on many days, too, it was unsafe to work at all.

Once Stevenson and 31 workmen were trapped by the tide which rose with unexpected speed and carried their boat away. They were only saved by the fortunate arrival of a vessel which had come from Arbroath with the mail.

Despite all the difficulties the 100-foot tower was completed

in October 1810, and in February 1811 the first light shone out to warn shipping of the dangerous rocks. A marble bust of Stevenson was placed in the lighthouse during his lifetime.

Robert Stevenson was the inventor of the system of flashing lights which many of our lighthouses use today. But his genius was not restricted to the improvement and building of lighthouses. He undertook a great deal of work on harbours, and also built many roads and bridges. It was as the result of his suggestion that the malleable iron flanged rail was introduced on railways.

In 1843 Robert Stevenson resigned his post as engineer to the Board and was succeeded by his eldest son, Alan, who was himself succeeded ten years later by his two younger brothers, David and Thomas, the father of Robert Louis Stevenson. It was Alan and Thomas Stevenson who built the lighthouse at Skerryvore, in the Hebrides, after which R. L. S. named his house at Bournemouth. *Kidnapped*, *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, and *A Child's Garden of Verses* were all written in this house, demolished since the war.

## BETHNAL GREEN WATER-BABY

TOM, Charles Kingsley's famous chimney-sweeping boy who longed to be clean and was turned into an amphibious water-baby by the water-fairies, has gone to Bethnal Green, London.

A bronze figure of a water-baby is part of a new fountain recently given by the Constance Fund to Victoria Park, Bethnal Green, in memory of the painter and sculptor Sigismund Goetze.

The sculptor, Mr Bainbridge Copnall, said he had Tom in mind when he designed the figure.

Tom is sitting on a water-lily trying to catch fish, and the sprays of the fountain play from the figures of five different fresh-water fish.



OUR HOMELAND

The Tudor market-place at Pembridge, in Herefordshire

## WELL PLAYED, HUTTON!

ONE of the world's greatest cricketers takes his benefit this week-end. Len Hutton has chosen the match against Middlesex, at Leeds, and what a Yorkshire roar will greet him when he comes on the field!

It is fitting that Len Hutton should be thus honoured at Headingley, for he was born a few miles away and played all his boyhood cricket at nearby Pudsey. He was playing for the Pudsey team at the age of 12.

Perhaps it was inevitable that Len Hutton should become an opening batsman for Yorkshire and England, for from Pudsey came both John Tunncliffe and Herbert Sutcliffe. He made his debut for Yorkshire in 1934, and in 1937 played in his first Test match, against New Zealand, at Lord's, when he scored a "duck." He made up for it, however, in the next Test, at Manchester, by hitting his first century for England; and he has been collecting centuries ever since.

In 1938 Len Hutton scored a hundred in his first Test against Australia and then, in the fifth of that season's series, at the Oval, made a number of records when he batted for 13 hours 20 minutes and scored 364. When the present season opened, he had scored nearly 26,000 runs in first-class cricket, and 85 centuries. Truly, Len Hutton, as popular overseas as he is in this country, deserves to set up one more record—in his benefit match!

## Swan Song

SWANS built a nest in the Old Dock at the Dumbarton shipyard and workmen put a protecting fence of wire-netting round it. The birds refused to be fenced in, however, and built a new nest outside the wire.

But it was a bad move! The noise of fitting out two ships being built for the Government's African peanut scheme frightened the swans, and they have now flown away.

## Steps to Sporting Fame



Among the few to achieve sporting fame at 17 is Bradford-born Arthur Forrest, one of the most popular members of the Halifax speedway team.



His father is in the motoring trade and it is not surprising that Arthur could ride a motor-cycle when he was 12. But horses claimed his greater attention after a time and he has won many prizes at local shows.



When the Odsal (Bradford) speedway track was opened, his interest revived, and Arthur bought a second-hand machine. His close friend, Jack Hughes, laid a rough track round a field at Mirfield and they rode in turn.

## Arthur Forrest



After being coached by Oliver Hart they were given a chance to ride for Halifax last year. Forrest flashed into fame; Hughes established himself more slowly. They have the time and the ability to win greater fame.

## HIGHLAND MYSTERY

BEFORE and since the time when the witches of Macbeth sang their eldritch chorus round the bubbling cauldron on the "blasted heath," the Highlands of Scotland have been held to be the home of superstition. Recently a new superstition has been growing up in Ross-shire as a result of the strange lights frequently seen on a certain stretch of road running between Ullapool and Garve. Superstitious Highlanders declare that when these lights are seen a funeral will soon be passing that way.

The lights always appear in the same way. A motorist driving at night along the narrow one-way road notices about quarter of a mile ahead what appears to be the glaring spotlight of an approaching car. He draws into the side of the road and waits for the car to pass. Invariably nothing appears, and when he drives on he never meets anything, nor sees any wheel-tracks.

A scientific theory about the origin of the lights is that they come from a night-mirage. Just as in the desert a town with shimmering minarets situated many miles away can be seen reflected in the sky, so the lights seen on this Ross-shire road may be the reflection of the lights of a lorry bringing a load of herring to Garve railway station a dozen or so miles distant. It may even be the headlights of the motorist's own car affected by atmospheric conditions.

## New Promenade At Liverpool

LIVERPOOL has just completed the first part of its new riverside promenade at Otterspool. It is a 20-foot-wide promenade, and there are ornamental gardens, rockeries, shelters, and car parks. A hillock built over the remains of an old dock structure makes a grandstand from which to view the river and the Wirral. It is part of a plan to transform a mile-long section of the riverside.

## Viborg Looks Back Across the Centuries

VIBORG, the pleasant Danish city situated in the heart of the mainland peninsula of Jutland, is celebrating its antiquity with a week of festival. Lying beside the shores of a double lake, Viborg is surrounded by rolling hills, heather-fragrant moors, and the remains of ancient oak forests as well as forested strips stretching toward the horizon.

Viborg is one of the oldest and most historic sites of Denmark, its historians claiming that "the town adopted civic management 700 years ago, to the year, received the chartered privileges of a town 800 years ago, became the seat of the episcopate 900 years ago, was known as a staple town 1000 years ago, and can celebrate its 1400 years as an assize town now in 1950." Indeed, in 1727 the historians considered it established that the town was then 3600 years old! But this is looked upon as legendary today.

In Viborg the old Danish kings were elected by the national assembly, composed of the ruling nobles of the Rigsmode. The favourite royal residence was

frequently established in the town. In the crypt of Viborg's famous cathedral lie the tombs of several rulers, including that of King Eric Glipping, the monarch who, in 1282, was compelled to grant the first charter to his rebellious nobles under which his royal rights and privileges were severely curtailed.

This cathedral, incidentally, is

Denmark's largest church. It was originally built between 1130 and 1169.

Restored and rebuilt during the latter part of the 19th century, it excites the interest of visitors by its huge and colourful frescoes, which took many years to complete. These wonderful murals are a veritable Bible in pictures.

The celebrations, modern in conception but designed to recall the past, began on July 9 with the arrival of the King and Queen of Denmark, followed by a Thanksgiving Service. During the week performances are being given by artistes from the Danish Royal Opera and members of the Royal Corps de Ballet. In the cathedral, in which concerts of sacred music are being given, Viborg artisans, like their forefathers of the medieval Guilds before them, are staging pageants illustrating old crafts and modern industry.

Danish soldiers are to hold a tattoo "showing a thousand years gone by," and ending up with music and a torchlight procession as in olden times.

## Hushing the Tom-Tom

AN unusual problem has been solved by the planners of Lusaka, the new capital to be built in Northern Rhodesia. The "airborne and traditional sound of the tom-tom" has to be considered, and the African quarters are being planned down-wind so that the noise will not reach the European residential quarters.

Winds are steady from the north-west in the early morning, and from the north-east in the evening, so the tom-tom beating population is being accommodated south-east and south-west of the new city.

## BARON MUNCHAUSEN—Picture-Version of His Astonishing Adventures (3)

In his last adventure Baron Munchausen awoke to find that the snow he had been sleeping on had all melted,

and that he had gently descended into a churchyard. He also found that the "stump" to which he had tethered

his horse the previous evening was actually the weathercock of the village church steeple!



Once again the Baron's remarkable resourcefulness solved a difficult problem. He got his horse down from the steeple, he said, by shooting the bridle in two, and the horse slid down safely to the soft earth.



To laugh at the Baron's stories was dangerous, for he was liable to challenge anyone who scoffed to a duel, and his guests had to hide their mirth as best they could. He went on to tell them a shooting story.



One day when he was out hunting in a forest, he said, he saw a stately stag looking at him quite unafraid, as if it knew that he had run out of shot, though he still had gunpowder in his pouch. The Baron, resourceful as usual, remembered that he had some cherries he had brought for his lunch. He hastily sucked a handful of them, then rammed the cherry-stones down his musket on top of the charge of gunpowder.



"Then I let fly at him and hit him just in the middle of the forehead, between his antlers," the Baron continued. "It stunned him—he staggered—yet he made off." But next year, said the Baron, he was out shooting in the same forest when, to his amazement, he saw a noble stag with a fine cherry tree, covered with ripe fruit, between its antlers. One of the stones fired by the Baron a year before had taken root!



Then the Baron related his adventure with a mad dog which rushed at him in a street at St Petersburg. He threw down his fur cloak, the dog stopped to attack it, and the Baron escaped to his house.



Later, he sent his servant to fetch the cloak. Next day an astonishing thing happened. His servant cried: "Sir, your fur cloak is mad!" and the Baron found his cloak viciously attacking his other clothes!

Next week's instalment concerns an incredible adventure of the Baron and his Wonderful Horse



A complete short story of

Morgan of the Mounties



# THE CORPORAL WON'T BE LEAVING

by Frank S. Pepper

CORPORAL TIM MORGAN, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, forced a grin to his pursed lips.

"Cheer up, you kids! What's got into you all today? Let's have a song!"

Among his many duties in Hemlock Valley the one the corporal usually most enjoyed was his daily drive with a carload of children who lived too far from the valley school to walk home. Tim looked forward to the trip. As a rule it was a noisy, happy affair; but today it was different. His young passengers were glum and silent, and nothing he could do or say would raise their spirits.

Tim set down the children one by one, until only Little Joe was left. Little Joe usually had plenty to talk about, but today he did not say a word.

The cabin where he lived came in sight, and at the sound of the car pulling up Little Joe's mother came out, as she always did.

"Have you time for some coffee, Corporal Tim?" she asked. "There's a cup freshly made."

It was an invitation which Tim received every day, and he had never been known to refuse; but this afternoon he shook his head.

"Thank you, Ma'am, but I can't stop today. I have things to do," he said gravely.

Little Joe's mother looked anxiously at him.

"Corporal Tim, is it right what they're saying—that you're going to leave the valley?" she asked.

Corporal Tim answered her with a wry smile.

"I'm sure I don't know how these stories get about," he protested. "If there was any truth in them surely I'd be the first to know, and I've heard nothing official, I can promise you that."

"But there are plenty of rumours," insisted Little Joe's mother. "They're all saying that it is on account of the trouble over the stranger in Rock Valley. But surely you aren't going to be blamed for that?"

Corporal Tim started up his car.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am. It wouldn't be proper for me to talk about that. It's unfinished police business," he said.

CORPORAL TIM drove away, along the creek and through a wilderness of scrub, until he came to Rock Valley, an arid wilderness of boulders and sun-baked earth, where nothing grew. The ground was iron-hard. In the shelter of a rocky cliff stood a rough, unpainted shack, built years ago by an old prospector, and for years untenanted, until the coming of the stranger who had brought trouble for Corporal Tim.

Tim was expected to know all about the people who lived in his territory; he was expected to

check carefully on fresh people who came to live there, especially people who acted as if they had some secret to hide. But if Tim had suspected that there was anything wrong about the stranger in Rock Valley he had confided in no-one, and had sent no reports about him to headquarters.

Then plain-clothes detectives had arrived in the valley. They had arrested the stranger, declaring that he was a much-wanted criminal who had gone into hiding. The rumour was strong in Hemlock Valley that Corporal Tim was to be removed from his post for having blundered in failing to recognise the wanted man and for having let him take refuge in the shack.

TIM walked from his car to the shack, dust rising in clouds from the ground at each step. He went into the shack and looked round. The place contained only a few poverty-stricken sticks of furniture, crockery, and a spade.

There was a well out at the back. The men from divisional headquarters had searched it and found nothing. Tim didn't bother with it. He was looking for signs of something else, but he didn't find what he sought.

He returned to his car and drove back to Hemlock Valley, where he stopped to make a call at the village store before going on to the Mountie post.

"Fred, about that stranger in Rock Valley," said Tim. "Anything he needed he'd have had to buy from you. Can you remember what he bought?"

"Flour, canned food, condensed milk, beans, bacon," answered Fred.

"Anything else?"

"No, I guess not. But wait, though—there was something. A spade—he bought a spade."

"Thanks!" grinned Tim. Fred leaned across the counter. "I wouldn't hang around here

## GREAT NEWS for C N Readers

GARRY HOGG, the popular author of books for boys and girls, has written for C N a new series of adventures of three of his most delightful characters. Many C N readers will have met Jonty, Nat, and Pen in Mr Hogg's books, *Sealed Orders* and *The Secret of Hollow Hill*.

WHETHER you have read these books or not, you are sure to enjoy the further adventures of the three on their voyages of discovery. Jonty, Nat, and Pen will be seeing places which you, too, will want to visit. Their first adventure, *The Trail of the Grey Wether*, will appear in next week's C N.

Do not miss these splendid stories. Ask your newsagent to deliver Children's Newspaper regularly each week.

too long, if I were you, Corporal," he advised. "Sergeant Harding is along at your post. He wants to see you about something, special."

CORPORAL TIM drove on to his post. The sergeant was waiting impatiently.

"Morgan, I just can't let this petition go through," he declared. "It's highly irregular. There'll be the dickens to pay if it goes up to divisional headquarters."

"What petition?" asked Tim in surprise.

"This petition asking for you not to be taken away from Hemlock Valley," rapped the sergeant. "It's been signed by everybody—Sam Hollins, Ed Bland, Chris Waller, Widow Jones, Fred the storekeeper, the school-mistress, Mrs Haggerty, Doc Watts—everybody in Hemlock Valley. But I daren't let it go to the Divisional Superintendent. It's against discipline. You must know that."

Tim bit his lip. It touched him to learn how upset the people of Hemlock Valley had become at the prospect of losing him.

"I didn't know anything about it," he assured the sergeant. "But I'd hate to have to leave the valley. Do you think it'll come to that?"

"It's back to the barracks for you, my lad," the sergeant assured him. "I can't imagine why you didn't suspect the fellow."

"But I did," Tim answered quietly. "I've had my eye on him all the time. But I couldn't prove anything against him. Where is the stuff he is supposed to have stolen? He had a big bag with him when he arrived here. What became of it? It wasn't found when he was arrested. Without it there's no case against the man, and although we know he's guilty he'll have to be set free."

The sergeant studied Tim thoughtfully.

"I believe you've got something there," he confessed.

"Come with me," begged Tim. "I've just been out to Rock Valley, and there's something I want to try."

ACCOMPANIED by the sergeant, Tim drove back to Fred's store, where he bought two watering-cans. He tossed them into the back of the car, and the sergeant eyed him wonderingly.

They drove out to the deserted shack.

"Apart from food, the only thing our man bought after he arrived here was a spade," Tim said. "Does that suggest anything?"

"Meaning that he dug a hole and buried his loot?" asked Sergeant Harding, surveying the wide expanse of iron-hard ground. "It's possible. But if you're proposing to turn up all this ground you'd better think again. You could spend weeks without finding anything."

"I've got a better idea," Tim assured him.

He filled the two watering-cans at the well. With one in each hand he walked to and fro in front of the shack, spreading a fine spray of water on either side of him.

THE ground was so hard that the water did not soak in, but ran in little streams to form puddles in the hollows. Tim had emptied the cans several times,

Continued on page 10

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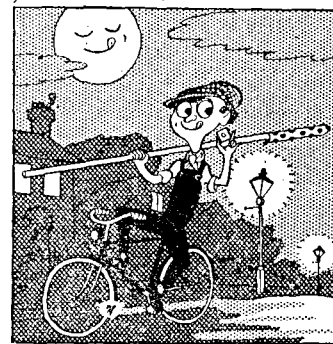
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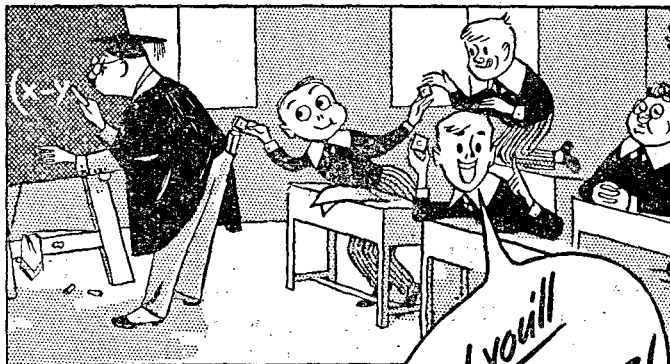
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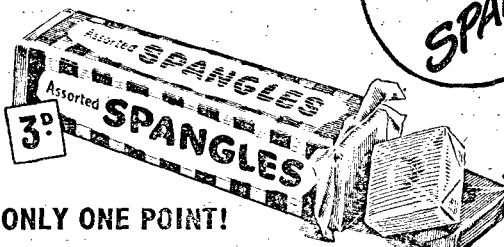


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## MORGAN OF THE MOUNTIES

Continued from page 9

and had covered a wide area when he suddenly uttered an excited shout. He dropped the cans and ran for the spade.

He began to dig. After only a few minutes he suddenly grinned at the sergeant and pulled a bulging bag from the hole he had made.

"You're a witness that I found the bag here," he said. "You'd better take charge of it. They'll be glad to have it at Divisional HQ."

"You've been holding out on me!" cried the sergeant. "You must have seen him hide the bag, else how did you know where to dig?"

"Nothing of the sort," retorted Tim. "I just waited until I found a spot where the water soaked in. He put most of the soil back, and flattened it with a spade, but the disturbed ground was still porous enough to soak up the water instead of letting it run off. Simple, eh?"

"Well, I'm hanged," exclaimed

the sergeant. "This is going to cause some excitement."

SEVERAL days later Sergeant Harding came once again to the Hemlock Valley post.

"Start packing your kit, Corporal," he said. "You're moving out."

Tim looked utterly dismayed. "You mean that they're kicking me out, after all?"

"I mean that the Divisional Super is tickled to death about you. You're the blue-eyed boy. Just ask for what you fancy. Promotion. A better detachment. Anything."

Tim looked relieved.

"In that case my official request is that I be allowed to stay here," he declared with a happy grin. "This is where I belong, and this is where I mean to stay for as long as Hemlock Valley will have me."

And there we must leave Morgan of the Mounties for the time being. Meanwhile, see special announcement on page 9.

## Too Many Invitations

AT PITTENWEEM, Fifeshire, it has long been the custom for the town officer to call at every home and invite each of the 2000 inhabitants to attend funerals. He was paid six shillings to do this in his spare time.

The custom began centuries ago when there were only a few houses in the place; but in recent years it has taken the town officer two days to go round, and the custom is to cease.

## FRIENDSHIP FILM

AT the Venice Film Festival, which takes place from the third week in August to September 12, a prize called the Golden Laurel is to be offered for the film which contributes most to the mutual understanding and good will between the peoples of the free and democratic world. The film must have been made in Europe.

The Golden Laurel prize is being offered by the American producer, Mr David O. Selznick, who is also presenting four other prizes.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### "Not For Me," said Mr Portly

FOR several days Ann and Christopher had noticed a silver and black tabby wandering around the garden walls. He had a bold and cunning look, and they hoped Mr Portly wouldn't make friends with him.

But unfortunately, perhaps because he was lonely as Tinkle was away, and Snowball down with a chill, Mr Portly did.

He found the tabby's name was Stray, and that he led an adventurous life, wandering from place to place, owing obedience to nobody.

Stray was very scornful of the pleasant, ordered life which Mr Portly led. "Why don't you come adventuring with me one night?" he suggested. "Unless, of course, you're afraid."

Mr Portly couldn't bear that. "I'll certainly come," he said. "What about to-night?"

"Tonight it is," Stray agreed.

So when Mummie whistled him in after supper, Mr Portly hid, and at last she had to leave him out.



Stray soon joined him, and they had grand fun at first playing Tig with the moths fluttering round the flowerbeds. Then they went window visiting.

Mr Portly couldn't think why, when no-one was up to invite them in for a little-of-something—not until Stray began snarling at Princess Pearl of Paddington, a prize Persian sleeping with her

kittens on a window-seat, and frightened them all. Mr Portly was so ashamed. It was her house, after all.

Jumping down, he cried: "Let's do something else."

"OK!" agreed Stray. "What about some grub?"

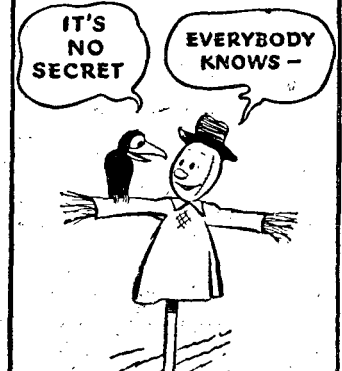
"Yes. But where from?" he asked.

"Dustbins, of course, stupid," said Stray.

But the idea of scavenging in dustbins horrified Mr Portly. "Not for me, thanks," he said stiffly. "Family cats don't do that!" And home he trotted.

"How silly I was to make friends," he thought as he curled up. And next morning, to the children's delight, he completely ignored Stray.

JANE THORNICROFT



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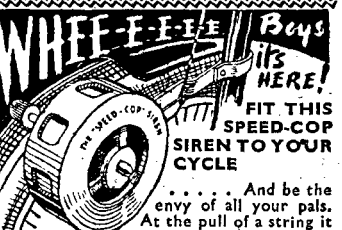


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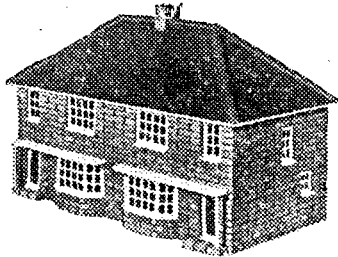
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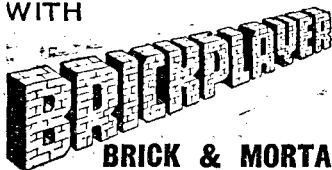
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-AND STILL BE FRESH ENOUGH TO BEAT THE SPANIARDS! CHEERS FOR LINGFO-FIZZ!

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## Team-Work Against Disease

THE Public Health Department in Southern Rhodesia has just conducted a successful campaign against malaria in the 1900 square miles of the Mazoe Valley. Four white men and sixty Africans in four teams have worked throughout the wet season spraying chemicals to stamp out the carrier mosquito.

As a result there has been a drop of 95 per cent in malaria cases, and labour forces on the farms, usually weakened by about a quarter during the wet season, have been working at practically full strength.

These anti-malaria teams are now engaged in dosing every river, stream, and pool in the same area with copper sulphate to stamp out the water-snail, which is the carrier of another disease.

## Walrus That Inspired Lewis Carroll

IF that greedy, pompous humbug, the Walrus, who with the Carpenter lives for ever in Lewis Carroll's poem, could know that his photograph is to be shown at Princeton University, his pomposity would increase tenfold.

The stuffed walrus which is said to have inspired Lewis Carroll to write the poem for Tweedledee to recite in *Through the Looking Glass*, is in Sunderland Museum, and now photographs of him are to be added to the Lewis Carroll manuscripts and relics at Princeton University, U.S.A.

For 80 years or more this walrus has stood in the Museum, looking as though he might at any moment burst into tears at the memory of the poor little oysters, "long since, alas, gone to their rest." It must have been this expression that caught Lewis Carroll's whimsical fancy.

The photographs were taken recently by a native of Sunderland, Mr Lionel J. Lee, now an official at the library at Princeton.

## SCOUTS ON THE AIR

JAMBOREE, the new B B C Thursday evening feature for and by Scouts in the Light Programme, was opened last week by the Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan.

The items in this week's Jamboree at 6.30 on July 13 are: Sound Track—a new radio Scout game; B P—an illustrated sketch-book of the Founder; Peter Brough and Patrol Leader Archie; and Visitor's Book, in which Scouts from Overseas now on holiday in Britain broadcast their greetings. This week the visitors are from Austria.

## Children Help the Thank-You Fund

WHEN the school choir of the Masonic Girls' Institute, Rickmansworth, earned five guineas for a broadcast, they sent the money to the Lord Mayor of London's Thanksgiving Fund.

Britain's grateful schoolchildren have been giving their pocket money and 100 schools recently sent nearly £500.

## OLD MATANDI LOOKS FORWARD

AN elderly man walked into the office of the Native Commissioner at Pretoria the other day and claimed his old-age pension. He gave his name as Matandi Mapimbela and his age as 106—born 1844 and still going fairly strong!

Matandi told the Native Commissioner that he had been a herd boy all his life, and that was why he had not claimed his pension before. But recently he had found that the job of scrambling after sheep and cattle was a little too much for one of his years, and so he had resigned!

He has all sorts of plans for spending his pension of ten shillings a month; and among other things he is going to indulge his craving for cakes, toffees, and sugar.

Matandi looks forward to many years of retirement among his children and grandchildren, who number about 84.

## Britain's Youthful Ambassadors

THE Woodcraft Folk have made arrangements for hundreds of their members to travel to the Continent this year.

Camps are to be held in the Austrian Tyrol, the Belgian Ardennes, and the South of France. The largest camp will be on the lakeside at Millstattersee, in Carinthia, where children from Austria, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and Italy will live with nearly 300 boys and girls from Britain.

The camp will be divided into villages, each with its elected mayor and council, and its delegate to the Central Camp Parliament. There will be festivals of singing, folk dancing, and sports, and the British children will present a pageant called *Span the World with Friendship*.

The camp in the Ardennes will be attended by children from five countries, including nearly 200 from Britain who will also stay in Belgian homes at Bruges for some days afterwards. Smaller parties will be staying in French homes and at camps in the South of France.

## ROSES ON TRIAL

SOME 5000 rose trees have been planted in the National Rose Society's new trial ground which was officially opened recently at the Hertfordshire Institution of Agriculture.

Four hundred new varieties of roses are on trial, among them trees from America, Canada, Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium.

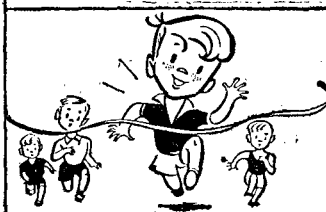
## Aluminium Barge

THE first aluminium alloy barge has just been shown on the Thames. It is a large vessel of a familiar Thames type and is designed mainly for export. Owing to the resistance of aluminium alloy to corrosion in fresh or salt water no paint is required; and although such a barge costs about £4050—£1400 more than a similar structure in steel—there is for this reason a substantial saving throughout its whole life.

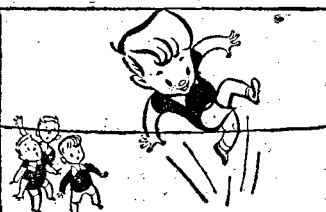


## The Record Breaker

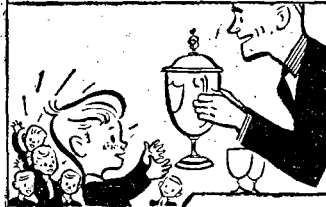
It's Sports Day at School. Jimmie and Billy, the boy next door, are all set to beat the record!



They're both in the 100 yds. sprint. "On your toes!" Gosh, just watch them go! Jimmie wins by yards.



Now for the High Jump. Jimmie reaches 4ft. 6ins. clearing 3 inches higher than Billy and wins another event.



Prizegiving. Jimmie's won 6 cups. "How do you do it?" asks Billy. "I never win." "Come home with me," grins Jimmie, "and I'll show you."



"Here's my secret," says Jimmie. "I train on Welgar Shredded Wheat. Mum gives it me for breakfast, tea or supper every day."



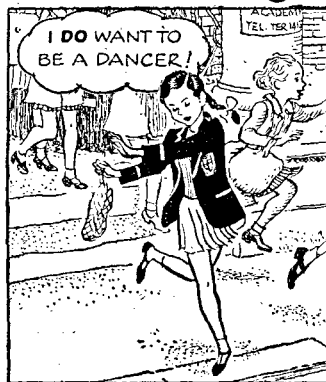
## The Welgar Boy says:

"There's nothing like Welgar Shredded Wheat for strength and stamina. To win, at work or sports, you need the nourishment of Welgar Shredded Wheat. Ask your Mother to write for the NEW Welgar Recipe Book, to Dept. C.U.6, The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts, today!"

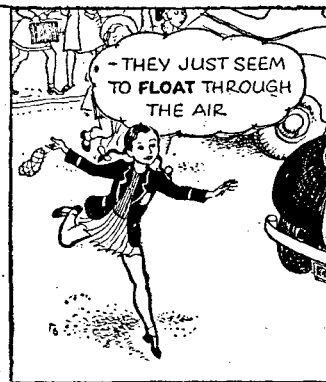
## WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

The All-Day Food You Just Can't Beat!

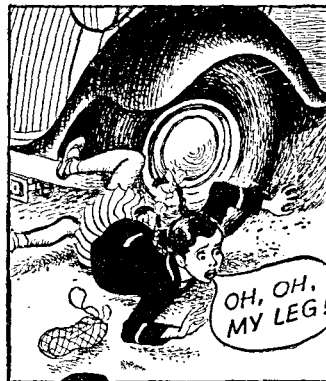
## Sally's SAD MIS-STEP



I DO WANT TO BE A DANCER!



-THEY JUST SEEM TO FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR



OH, OH, MY LEG!



DANCING?...NOT FOR A BIT, WITH THAT LEG. IF ONLY YOU'D REMEMBERED TO DO YOUR KERB DRILL!

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER IT NOW



### DO YOU KNOW YOUR KERB DRILL?

1. At the kerb—halt!
2. Eyes right!
3. Eyes left!
4. Glance again—right!
5. Then IF ALL CLEAR—quick march!

Don't rush, cross calmly.

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

# THE BRAN TUB

## Great Expectations

THE messenger delivered a parcel to a house, and a small boy took the receipt to get it signed. From inside the house he called to the messenger: "Father says 'Do you smoke?'"

The messenger grinned in anticipation. "Rather," he said.

The boy returned with the receipt. "Then will you lend Father a couple of cigarettes."

## Not Surprising

SAID a crazy old fellow from Woking, "I adore this tobacco I'm smoking. I make it each day, using sulphur and hay, yet it sets others coughing and choking."

## Lincoln's Boots

DURING the American Civil War President Lincoln asked the British Ambassador, Lord Lyons, to visit him at the front. They stayed the night in a small country shanty. The next morning Lord Lyons was horrified to see the President busily cleaning his boots.

"Mr. President!" cried Lord Lyons. "Do you think it right for the President of the United States to polish his own boots?"

Abraham Lincoln replied: "If he doesn't polish his own boots, whose boots should he polish?"

## Countryside Flowers

IN woods and damp places, the bright yellow flowers of Wood Loosestrife or Yellow Pimpernel flourish. In appearance they resemble the Scarlet Pimpernel, to which they are related.

Each flower measures about half an inch across, and grows on a long, slender stalk which rises from where the leaf joins the stem. The weak, straggly stems, which sprawl along the ground, are usually red in colour. Glossy, green oval leaves grow in pairs.

The name "Loosestrife" springs from an odd belief that the plant pacifies angry animals, preventing strife between them.

# Jacko Takes the Plunge



"PHEW! What a scorcher!" said Jacko, mopping his forehead. "I've got it!" exclaimed Chimp. "The lily pond!" Jacko looked at him admiringly, then they rushed off to get their bathing costumes. Chimp slipped quietly into the pond, but Jacko chose a more spectacular method. "Here I come," he called, as he jumped in with a big splash, scattering frogs left and right. Adolphus, who was just passing, was thoroughly soaked. "I should have thought that shower would have cooled him off," chuckled Jacko afterwards, "but it only seemed to make him 'hotter'!"

## Poor Percy

POOR Percy one day was asked if he would score—"just temporarily." That put him rather in a fix—Of old, he'd read, they scored on sticks. "I'm not too good," said honest Percy. "Though many others might be worse. The only thing I've carved at all was my initials on a wall."

## King, Queen, Knaves

IF you take the name of an English king from these words (one letter from each word, in the same order), and then the name of an English queen, the seven letters that are left can be rearranged to form a word meaning "knives."

SEW ILL LEE VAL TIN OAR RAM

What are the three words?

Answer next week

## Relief

THEY were marooned in the far North of Canada. They had a gun and a few rounds of ammunition apiece, but neither was accustomed to firearms.

Food was urgently required, so they decided to hunt. Presently a voice was heard calling.

"Dick! Are you all right?" "Yes, of course," came the reply.

"Good! Then I've hit a bear!"

## Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars is in the west and Saturn is in the south-west. In the morning Venus is in the east and Jupiter is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6.30 on Thursday morning July 13.



## A Suitable Title

THERE is a book, you've heard its name, Of people who are known to fame It's called "Who's Who." It seems to me— And many of my friends agree— That animals should have one too, The name for that should be "Zoo's Who!"

## Farmer Gray Explains

HERON Takes A Holiday. "Look! There's a huge bird," whispered Ann.

"Where?" replied her brother Don.

"On the rocks, where that piece juts out."

Don stared hard without success, until suddenly the bird stabbed the waves with its long bill. "Why, I believe it's a heron," said Don in surprise as the feathered fisherman flapped heavily away.

"Although herons are usually associated with marshes or rivers, they can be seen around the coast," explained Farmer Gray, answering Don's inquiries. "It's uncanny how such great birds can be so difficult to spot. Their lavender-grey and white plumage seems to blend with any background. Doubtless, herons enjoy salt-water and fresh-water fish alike."

## Songs Gone Wrong

THESE five people (whose names are the names of songs) are so tired of being sung about that they've partly hidden themselves. They have left their vowels (AEIOU) in place but have changed their consonants by a simple code. Who are they?

RAHRAHA ABED  
ADDIE BAUIE  
CISXAEB VIDDIWAD  
RORRP JXAVKOE  
YOXD FEEB

Answer next week

## Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Assist. 4 Entirely absorbed. 8 A great cycle of years. 9 To keep busy. 10 A giver of light. 11 To gather when ripe. 12 Name of several English rivers. 14 That is (abbrev). 15 To stimulate. 17 Exist. 18 The summit. 20 A beverage. 22 Hoar frost. 23 A period. 24 Donkey. 25 Surrounds a wheel. 26 To produce designs on a metal plate.

Reading Down. 1 Healthy. 2 An acid fruit. 3 Beloved by the people. 5 Monkey. 6 Level stretch of country. 7 Person or thing serving as a symbol. 11 To turn upside down. 13 To drink in small quantities. 15 Coarse powder used for polishing metal or stones. 16 To live. 17 To incite or encourage. 19 An interstice of a net. 21 Organ of hearing.

Answer next week

## Age Should Count

UNCLE: You say you are five years old? Why, you are not as tall as my walking-stick.

Daphne: Well, how old is your walking-stick, uncle?

## Last Week's Answers

Riddle-My-Name: Edward.

Can You Read This: If the grate be empty put coal on but if the grate be full stop putting coal on.

Birthday Choice: Timothy is 11, and so chooses to take 11s instead of 11 + 23 threepences (8s 6d).

# Sharps THE WORD FOR EXPORT



THE WORD FOR TOFFEE



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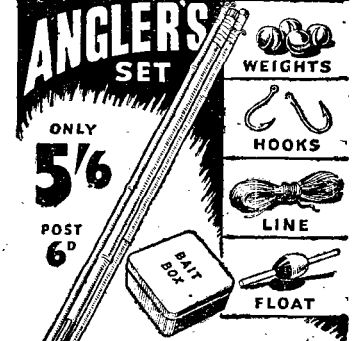
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